*Rom:* Let me stay here till you remember it.
*Iul:* I shall forget to haue thee still stand here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
*Rom:* And ile stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
*Iu:* Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone.
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
*Ro:* Would I were thy bird.
*Iul:* Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,
*Rom:* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to crake, and my good hap to tell.
*Enter Frier Francis.* (night,
*Frier:* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But



But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tasted slaies all senees with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
*Rom:* Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.
*Fri: Benedicite,* what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vprowsed by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
*Ro:* The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
*Fr:* God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline?*
*Ro:* With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
*Fri:* Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin
*Ro:* I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:

Where